



FUN IN

HANNA-BARBERA

10250-005
MAY

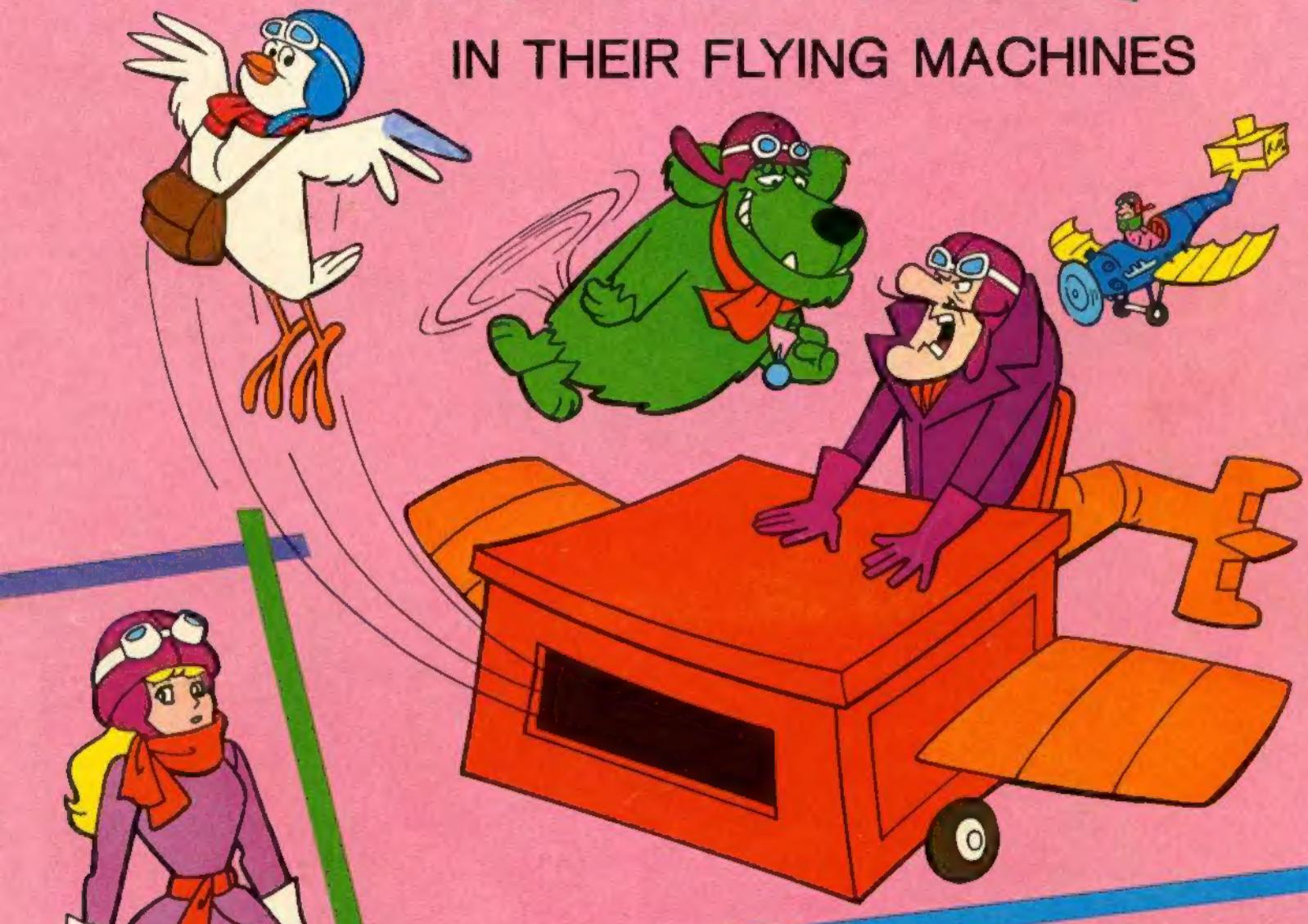
15c

STARRING

fun-in

DASTARDLY and MUTTLEY

IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES



IT'S THE WOLF



THE
PERILS OF
PENELOPE
PITSTOP
WITH THE
ANT HILL MOB

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Hanna-Barbera

DASTARDLY and MUTTLEY In Their Flying Machines

IT'S FLOP AND GO-GO

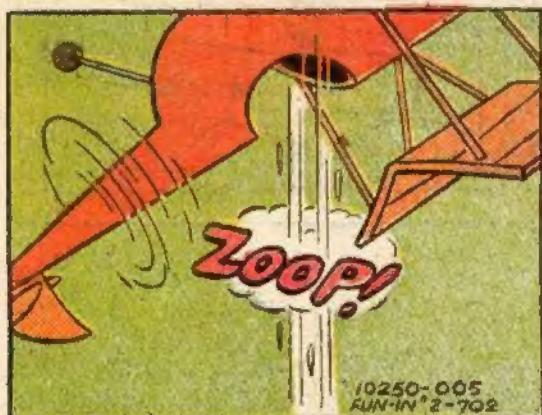
YANKEE DOODLE PIGEON, WHILE FLYING ANOTHER DANGEROUS MISSION, KEEPS A WARY EYE OUT FOR THE VICIOUS VULTURE SQUADRON!

NEARBY, THE DIABOLICAL, DESPICABLE DEMON OF THE SKYWAYS... DICK DASTARDLY!

I'M ALSO DASHING AND DEBONAIR! HA! HA!

STICK AROUND IF YOU WANT TO SEE SOME WHEELING AND DEALING!

TOOT
TOOT
TOOT

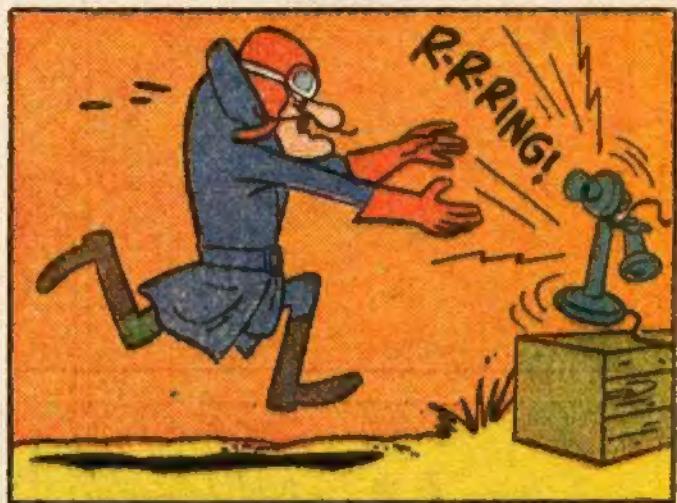


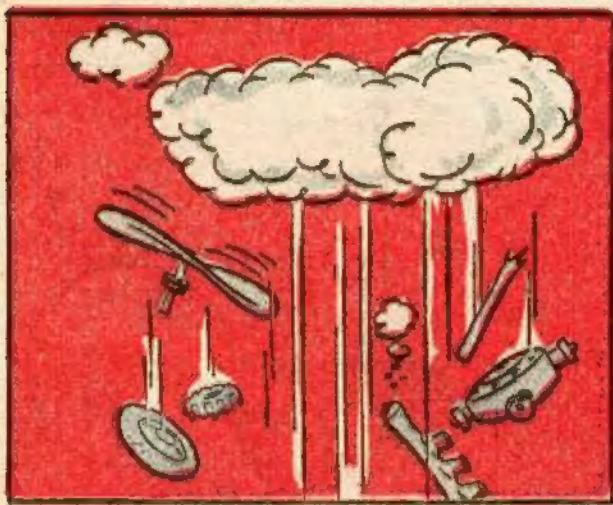
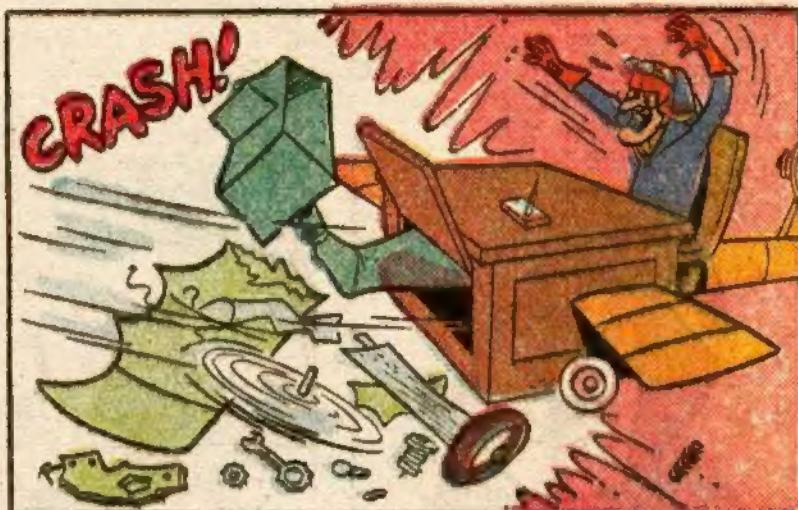
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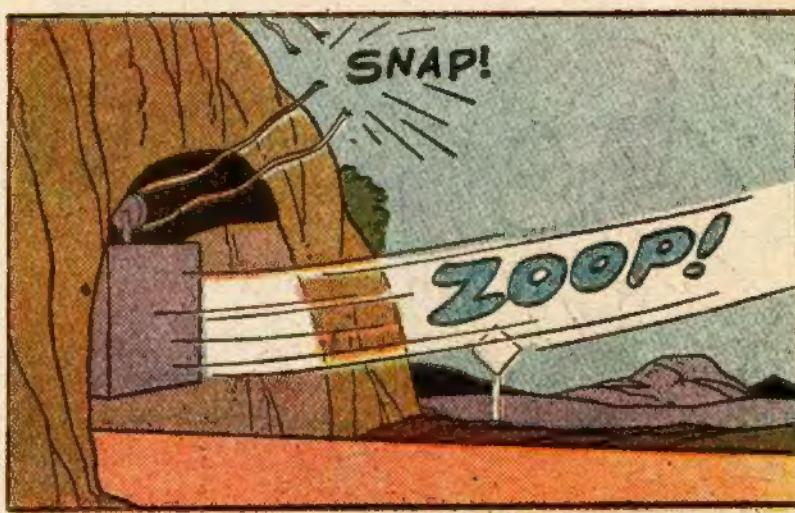
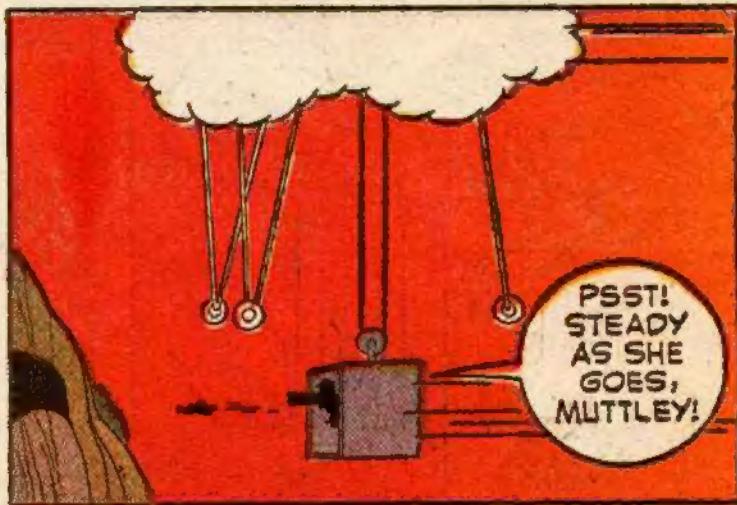
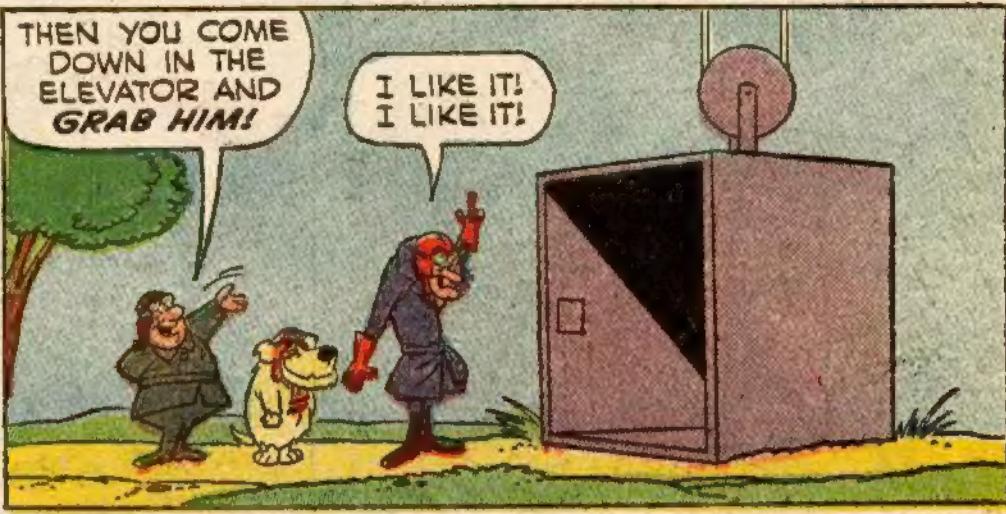
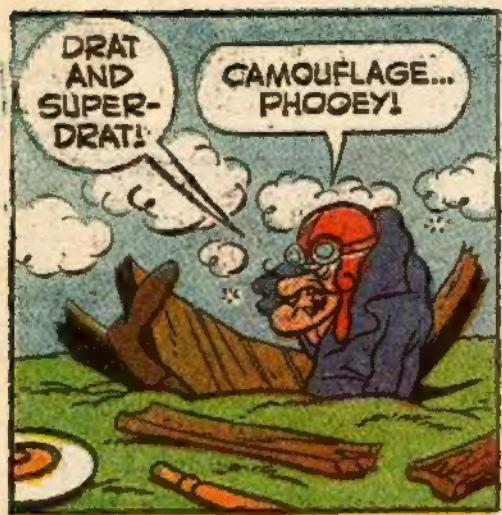
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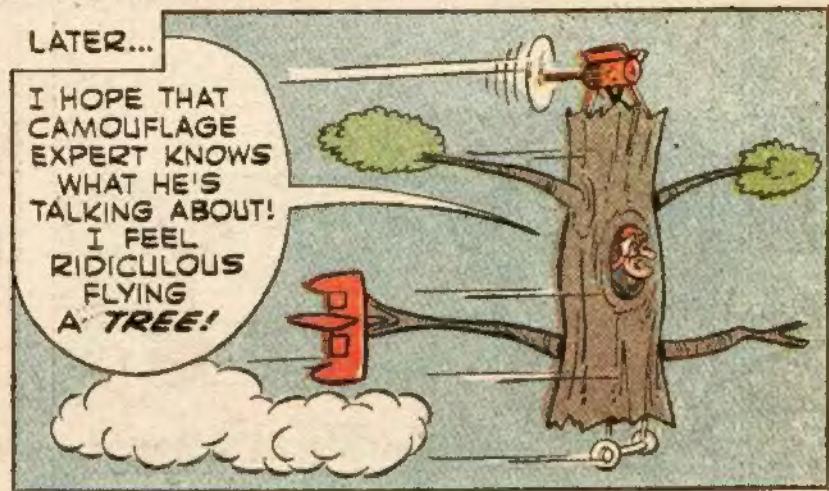
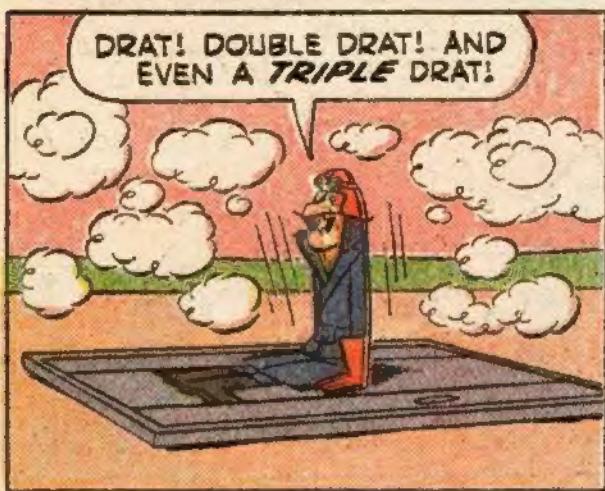
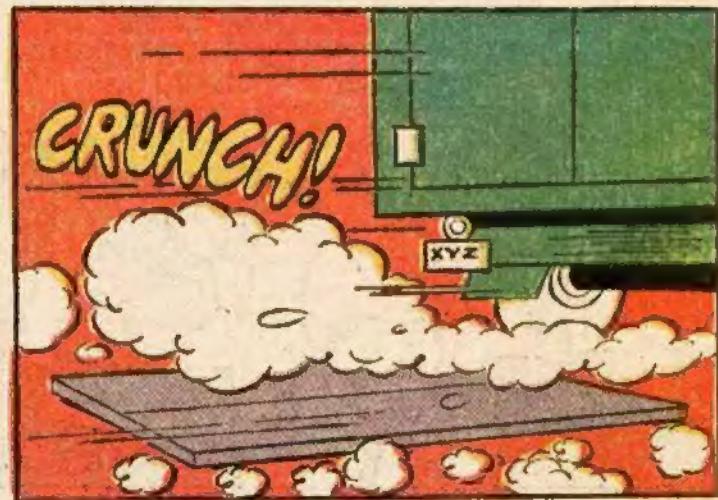
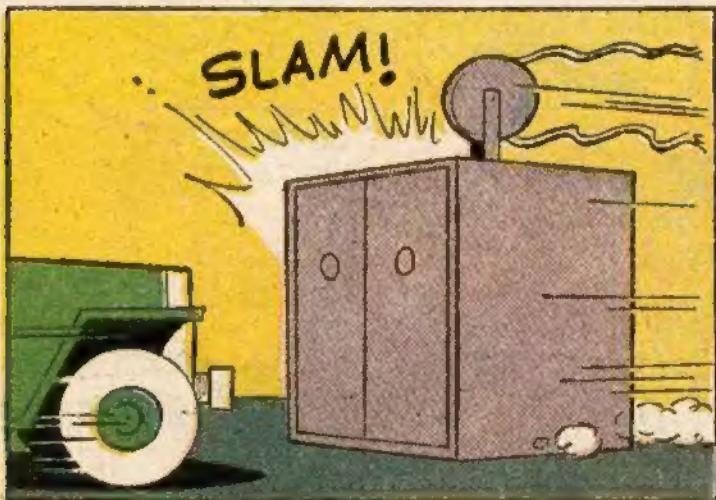
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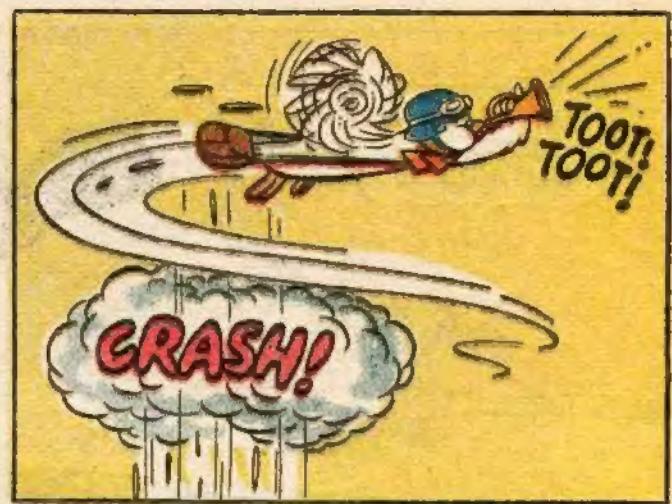












DAUNTLESS DASTARDLY NEVER GIVES UP!
CALLING HIS SQUADRON TOGETHER THEY
AGAIN CONSULT THE EXPERT...

DID YOU SAY,
OPERATION
SLEEPER?

CORRECT!



THE PLANE IS CAMOUFLAGED TO
LOOK LIKE A BED! YOU CAN
SNEAK UP ON THE PIGEON
BECAUSE HE'LL THINK THE
WHOLE SQUADRON IS ASLEEP!

THEN WHAT ARE WE
SUPPOSED TO DO...HIT
HIM WITH A PILLOW?

YES! HOW
DID YOU
GUESS!



YOUCH!

THE PILLOW
IS MADE OF
CONCRETE!
GET IT?

THOK!

AND SO, THE FLYING VULTURE SQUADRON
TAKES TO THE AIR IN A FLYING BED!

I NEVER FELT
SO STUPID IN
ALL MY LIFE!



OUT OF THE BLUE COMES
YANKEE DOODLE PIGEON!

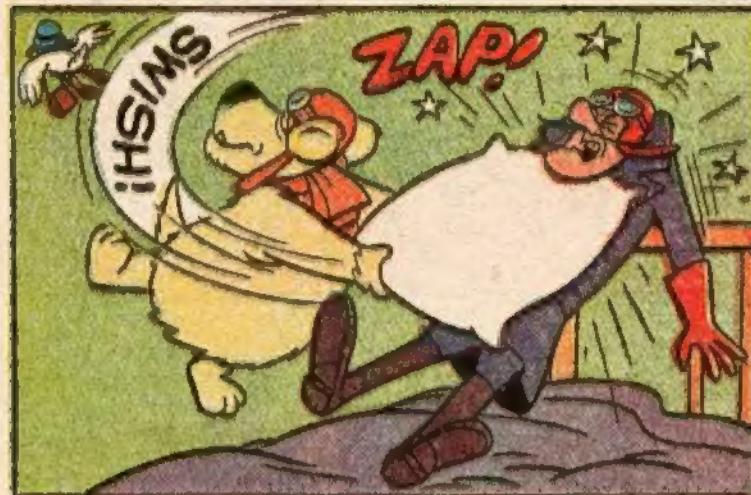
OKAY, MEN!
ON YOUR MARK...
GET SET...



INHSIMS

ZAP!

TOOT! TOOT!



HEY, FELLOWS! I'VE JUST COME UP WITH
ANOTHER GREAT CAMOUFLAGE IDEA!

SO HAVE I! I'M GOING TO
CAMOUFLAGE YOU LIKE A
DISASTER AREA!

(SNICKER!
SNICKER!)

HELP!
HELP!

ZOK!



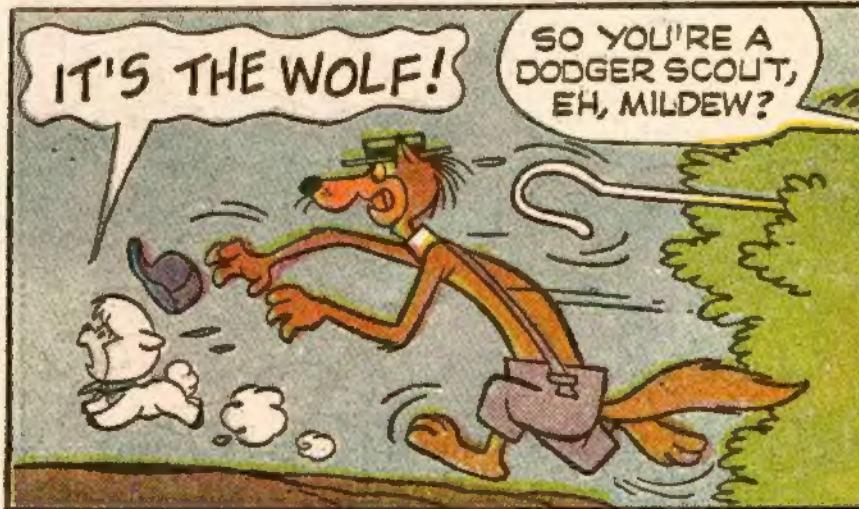
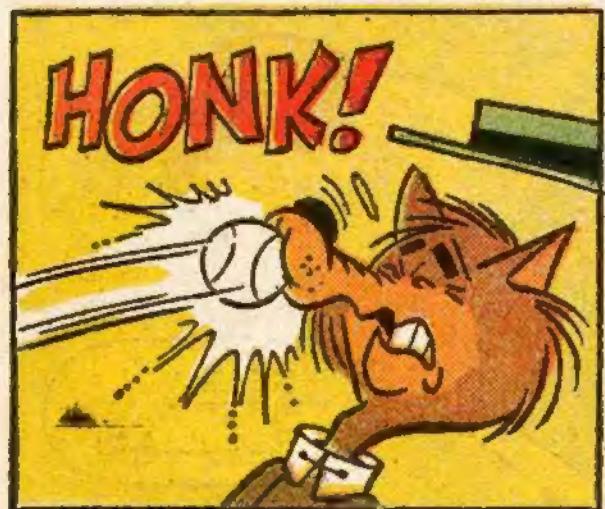
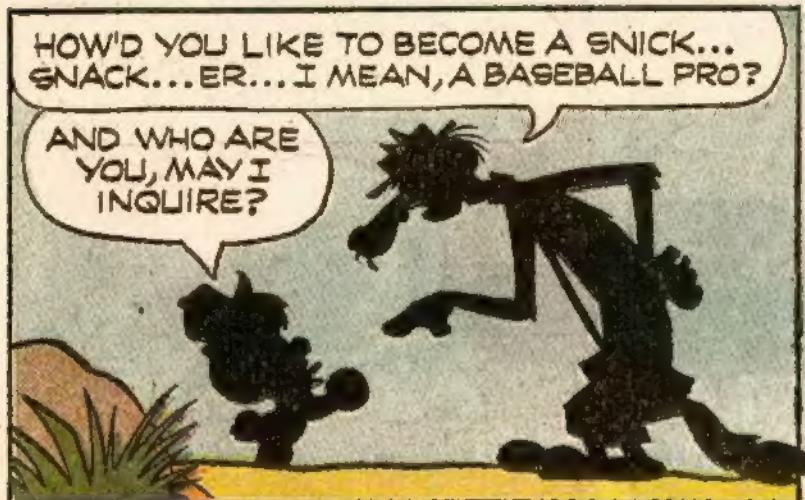
Hanna-Barbera
IT'S THE WOLF

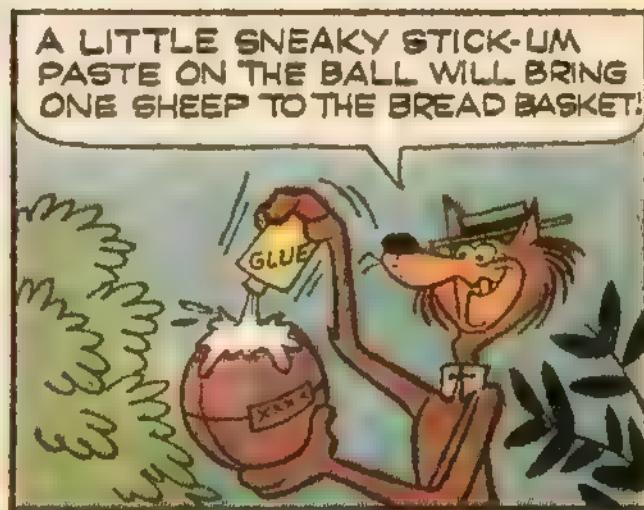
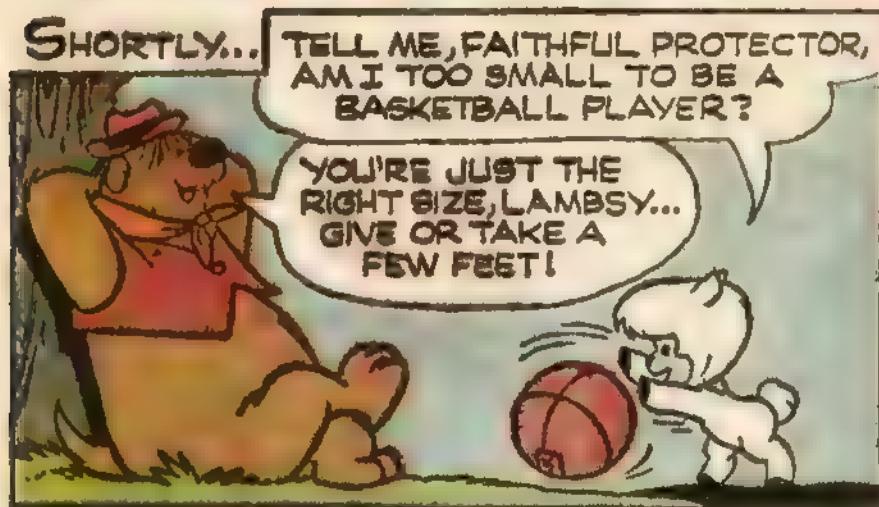
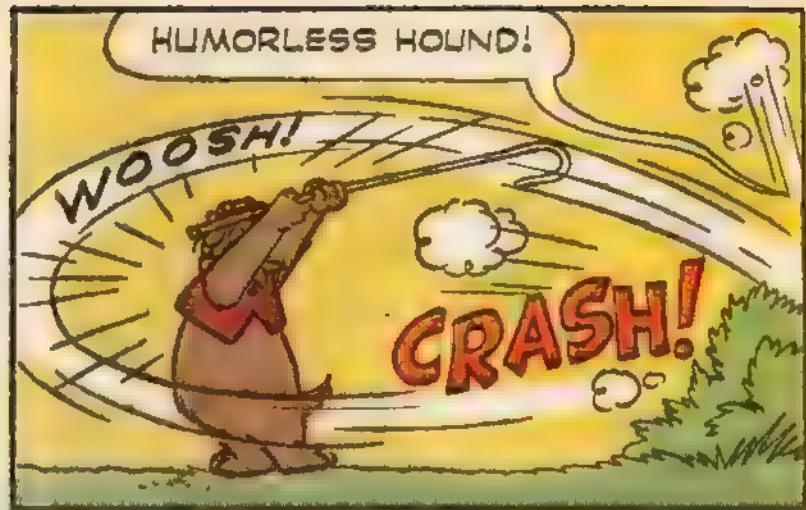
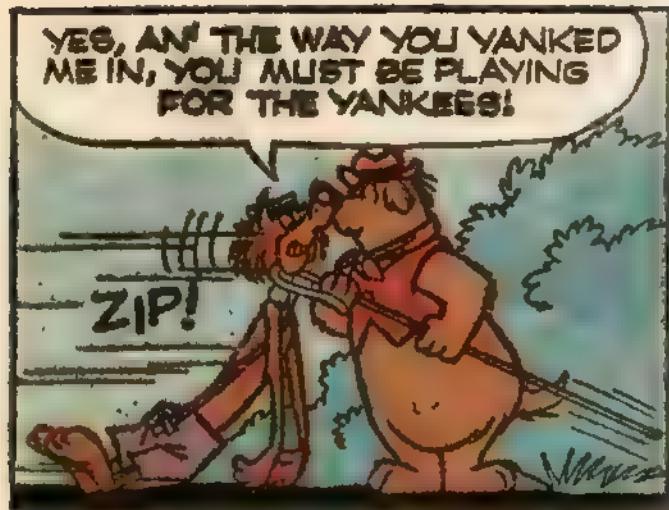
ANY SPORT IN A STORM

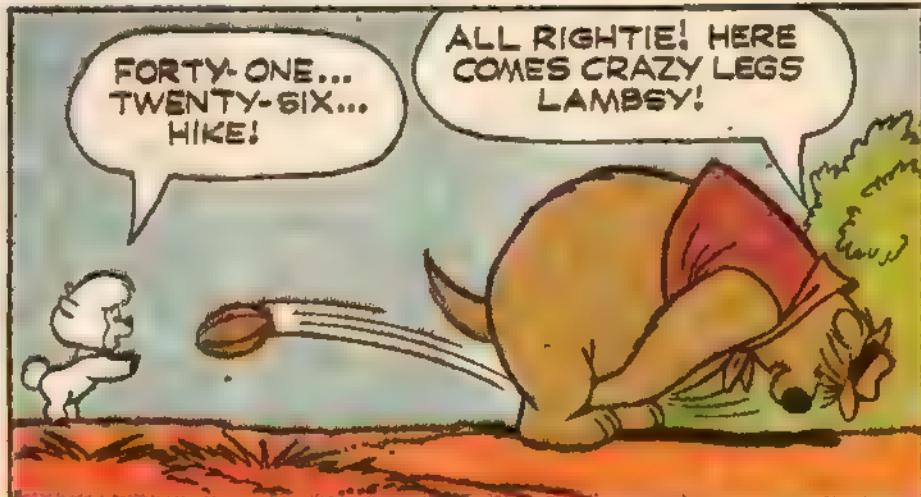
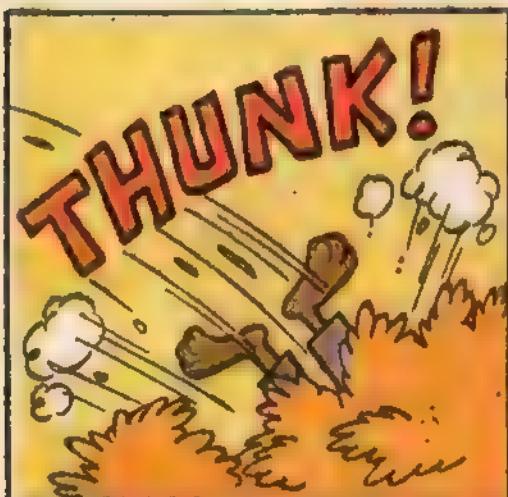
PITCH ME THE BEST YOU'VE GOT, DEAR OL' BRISTLE HOUND! LET'ER RIP!

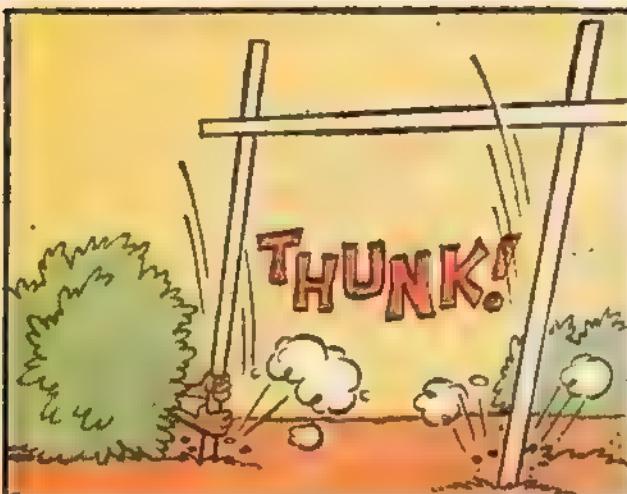
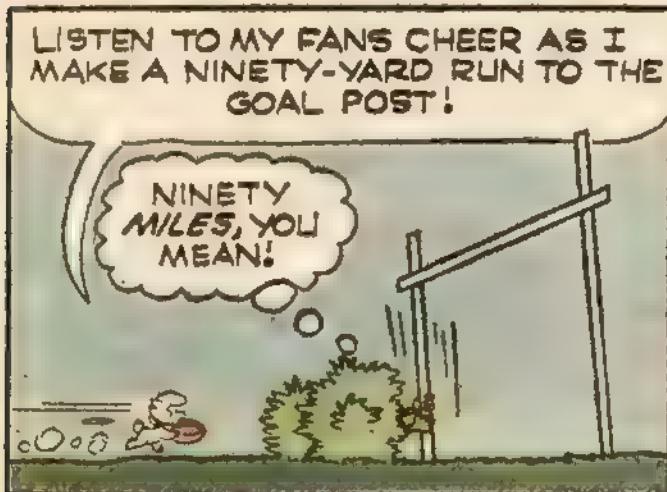
OKAY! BUT LOOK OUT, LAMBSY! HERE COMES MY TRIPLE CURVE BALL!

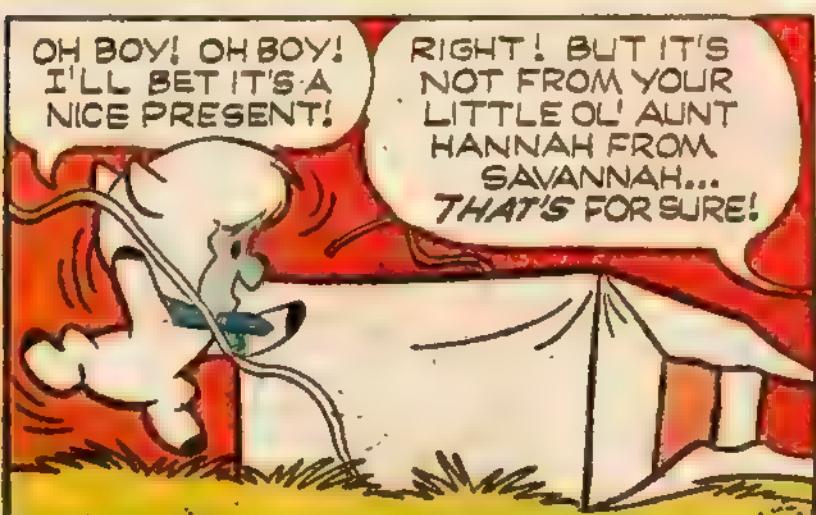
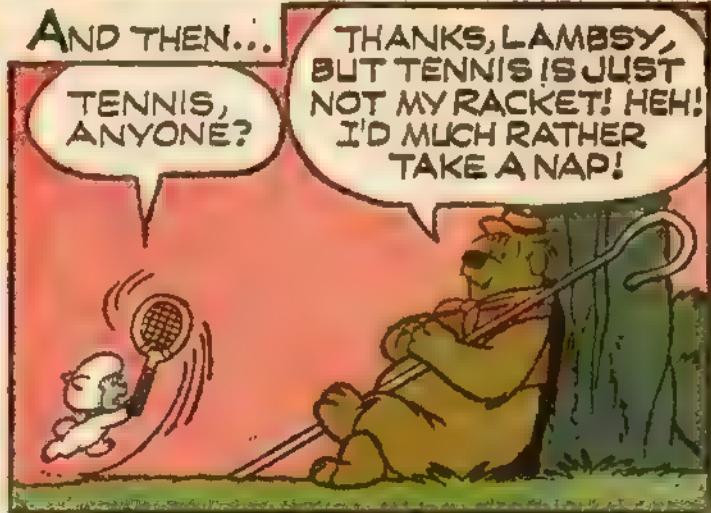
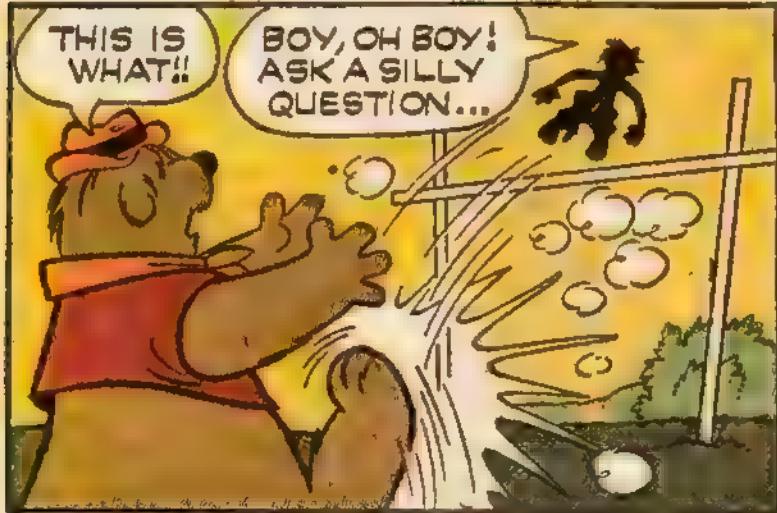


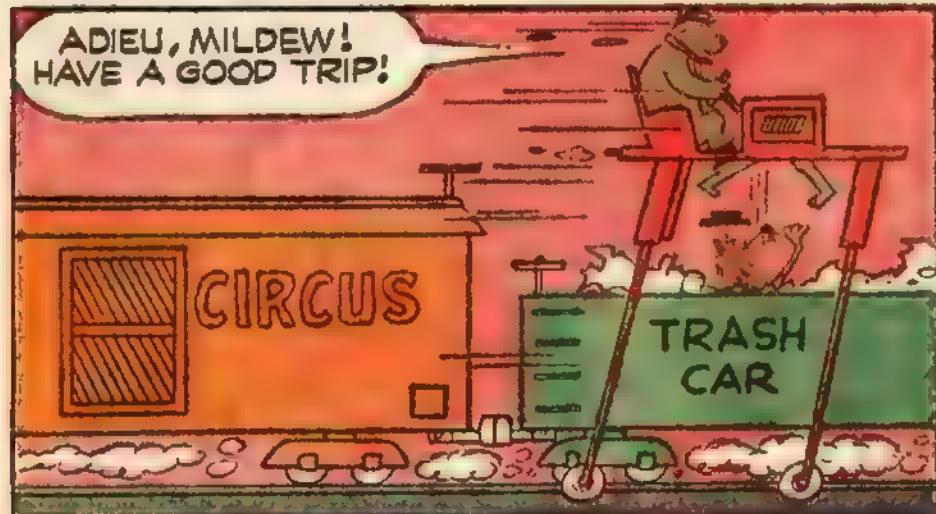
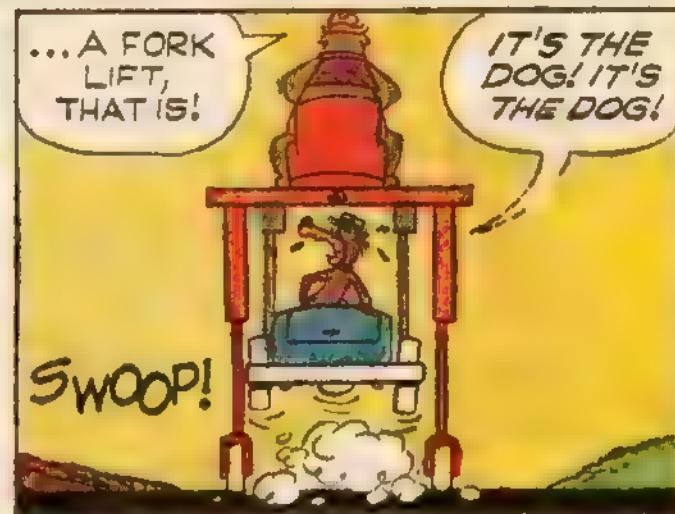
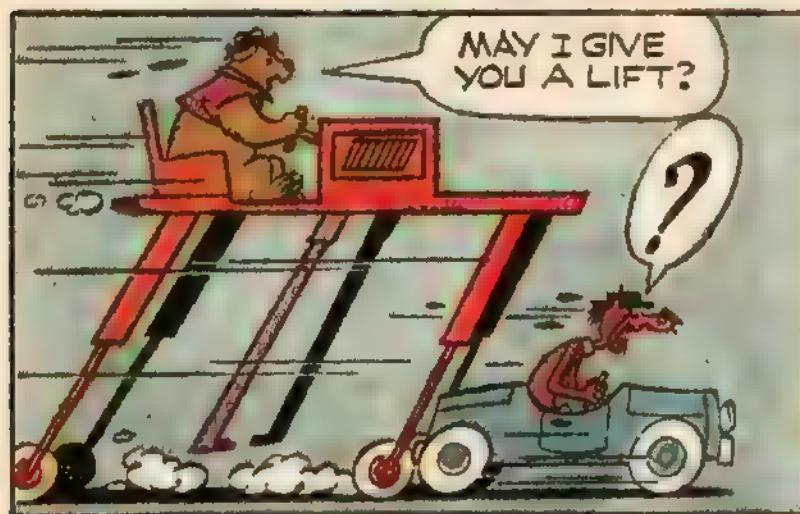
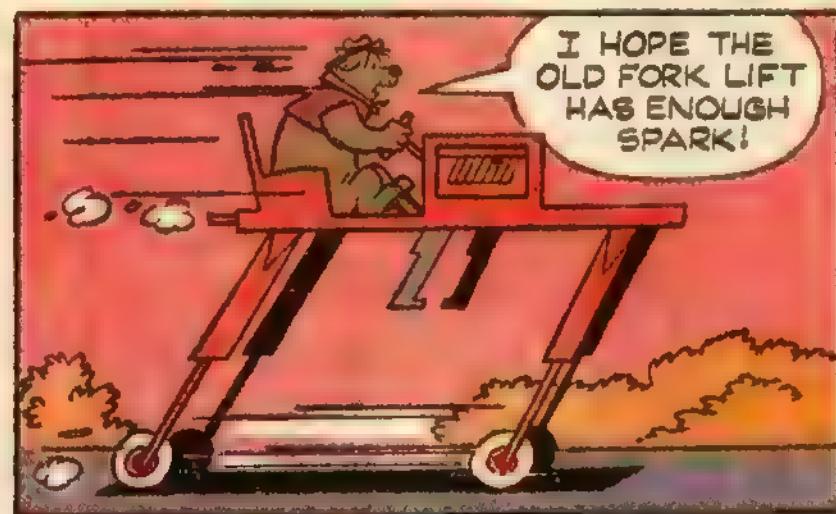
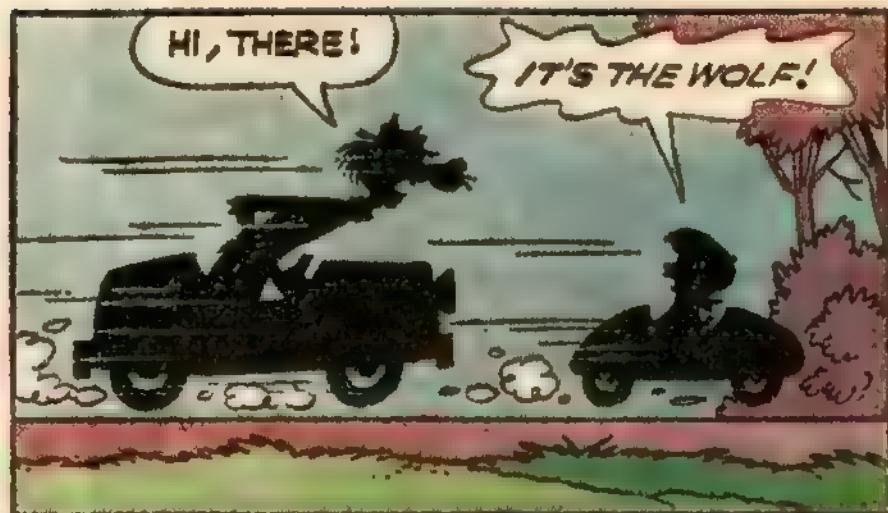












GOLD KEY UNLOCKS THE DOOR TO THE BEST IN COMICS

COMICS GUIDE

MARCH

The Three Stooges
New Terrytoons
Top Cat
Little Lulu
Daffy Duck
Bugs Bunny
Donald Duck
Woody Woodpecker
Chip 'n' Dale
Scooby Doo,
Where Are You?
The Close Shaves of
Pauline Peril
The Flintstones
Walt Disney's Comics
and Stories

Boris Karloff —
Tales of Mystery
The Twilight Zone
Korak, Son of Tarzan
Goodbye, Mr. Chips

All the Gold Key titles listed above go on sale throughout next month—March. Check your favorites, and watch for them at your comics dealer.

NOW ON SALE!

DARK SHADOWS with Barnabas Collins facing a sinister creature who has waited 200 years for revenge on all who bear the Collins name — especially on one whose name is Barnabas Collins! Don't miss this brand-new issue of DARK SHADOWS — it's a story you won't soon forget!

'GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS' FILM TRIUMPH
NOW DELIGHTS IN GOLD KEY VERSION

BRAND NEW!

Meet Pauline Peril, an ace reporter who can smell a story a mile away and will repeat it for miles around. Her Peril pen is already ready — it can also write HELP underwater in letters that float. Get your first issue of THE CLOSE SHAVES OF PAULINE PERIL next month.

YO-HO-HO

And a bunch of carrots—we mean... and a bottle of bilgewater. Yosemite Sam the Pirate Man is cutting loose with that sassy Bugs. It's a combination that's enough to drive a person to the nearest stand — for a copy of next month's rollicking BUGS BUNNY.



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THE LAST HUNT

A hunter bags his prey, only to find it is a strange victory. For even an animal can lead its hunter into—THE TWILIGHT ZONE.

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MOVIE STORY
DUE NEXT MONTH

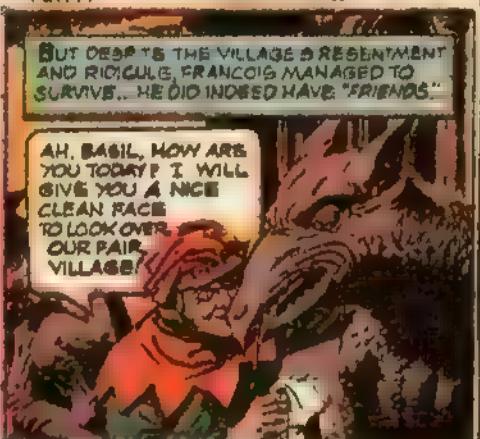
It's going to be an exciting event—the Gold Key issue of GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS, based on the M-G-M motion picture. We predict the movie will be around for years to come, and the comic will become a collector's item. It's the very human story of a shy schoolmaster and his vivacious wife, set against the colorful background of a tradition-bound British school.

Meet Mr. Chips—you'll be glad you did.

THE GROTESQUE ONE

That's what Francois was called, an object of ridicule. His only friends were the stone gargoyles that looked out from the cathedral onto the town square. But when Francois had to bid his friends farewell, a monstrous terror gripped the town. One of the great thrillers in next month's BORIS KARLOFF, TALES OF MYSTERY.

• BY BORIS KARLOFF



Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper. No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually. Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

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Reader's Page

MONSTERS

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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FISH MAN



Likes to eat fish but doesn't like fish to eat him.

Loren Brown
Eureka, California

SPEED MONSTER

Speeds over anything in his way.

Phil Jingozian
Schoolcraft, Michigan



CANDLE MONSTER



Blows out candles.

Vicki Sharp
Princeton, Kentucky

TOOTH MONSTER



Instead of brushing his teeth, he eats the toothbrush.

Dan Holtquist
Longview, Washington

HAT MONSTER



Hits a home run every time.

Sam Seastone
Potomac, Maryland

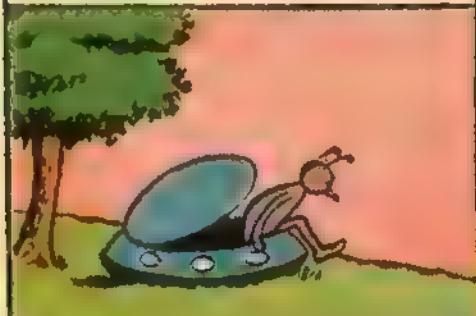
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MINI-COMICS



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**GOLD KEY CLUB
COMICS**

JOKES ON YOU



Riddle: Why did the pilgrim get up at sunrise?
Answer: Because he was an early American.

Billie Smith—Mexia, Texas

Lisa: Mother, will you change a dime for me?
Mother: Of course.

Lisa: Then change it into a quarter.

Sue Andrews—Adana, Turkey

Riddle: What vegetable do you find in crowded streetcars and buses?

Answer: Squash.

Debbie Jones—Willowick, Ohio

Son: Dad, can you write in the dark?

Dad: Yes — why?

Son: Then turn off the light and sign my report card.

Charles Capuccio—New York, New York

Riddle: What do girl ghosts put in their hair?
Answer: Booboo pins.

William E. Moore—Northport, Alabama

Riddle: Which is the left side of an apple pie?
Answer: The part that has not been eaten.

Margie Walz—Opa Locka, Florida

Riddle: What did the fire say when it melted the candle?

Answer: Excuse me, I'm a little overheated.

Jean Drake—Las Vegas, Nevada

Riddle: What's a cross between a dog and a chicken?

Answer: A poached egg.

Brenda Eatman—Cleveland, Ohio

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Karen: Why are you running so fast?
Teresa: Because I don't know how to run slow.
Karen L. Paul—Banning, California

Jimmy: Did you hear about the hen that swallowed the yo-yo?

Jack: What happened?

Jimmy: She laid the same egg three times.
Ruth Ann Wiggins—Harlingen, Texas

Riddles: What is a cold war?

Answer: A snowball fight.

Jody Swartz—Pueblo, Colorado

Riddle: Why did the boy put the radio in the jack-in-the-box?

Answer: Because he wanted to hear pop music.
Mike Roam—Denver, Colorado

John: Will I see you pretty soon?

Mary: What's wrong with me — don't I look pretty now?

Patti Brown—Honolulu, Hawaii

Mother: What are you looking for, Jane?

Jane: Nothing.

Mother: You'll find it in the box where the candy was.

Raymond Tom—San Francisco, California

Diner: Waiter, I'm in a hurry! Will the griddle cakes be long?

Waiter: No, sir — round!

Judy Wilner—Long Island City, New York

Riddle: Why does lightning shock people?

Answer: Because it doesn't know how to conduct itself.

Linda Hickey—Chicago, Illinois

Riddle: What is the end of everything?

Answer: The letter g.

Garnee Myhre—Baker, Montana

Tom: Did you hear the rope joke?

Dick: No.

Tom: Skip it.

Mark Kosminskas—Chicago, Illinois

Riddle: Where is a sick boat brought?

Answer: To the dock (doc).

Lean Auger—Manchester, New Hampshire

Will: Why do you comb your hair before you go to bed?

Phil: To make a good impression on the pillow.

Gerald Watkins—Danville, Kentucky

Customer: Can I put this wallpaper on myself?

Salesman: Certainly, but it would look better on the wall.

Joan Williams—N. Abington, Massachusetts

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Hanna-Barbera

CATTANOOGA CATS

COUNTRY, DO
THE SIR
WALTER
RALEIGH BIT!

HOLD IT,
KITTY JO!

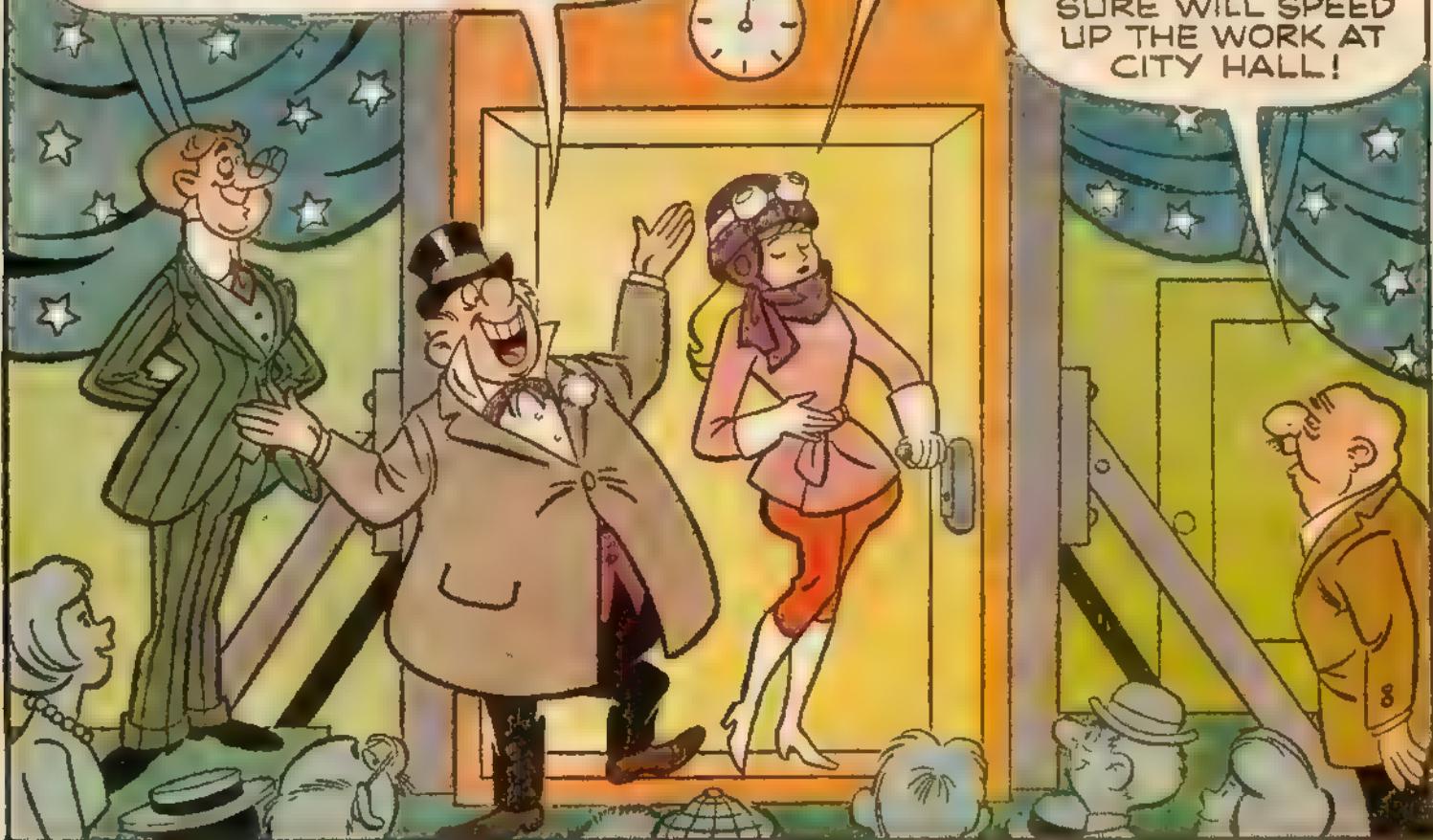


THE GREAT SPACE CHASE

ATTENTION, GENTLEMEN! SYLVESTER SNEEKLY IS NOW READY TO DEMONSTRATE HIS LATEST INVENTION, THE **SUPersonic JET LIFT!** AT HIS SUGGESTION, I HAVE PERSUADED PENELOPE PITSTOP TO MAKE THE FIRST TEST RUN!

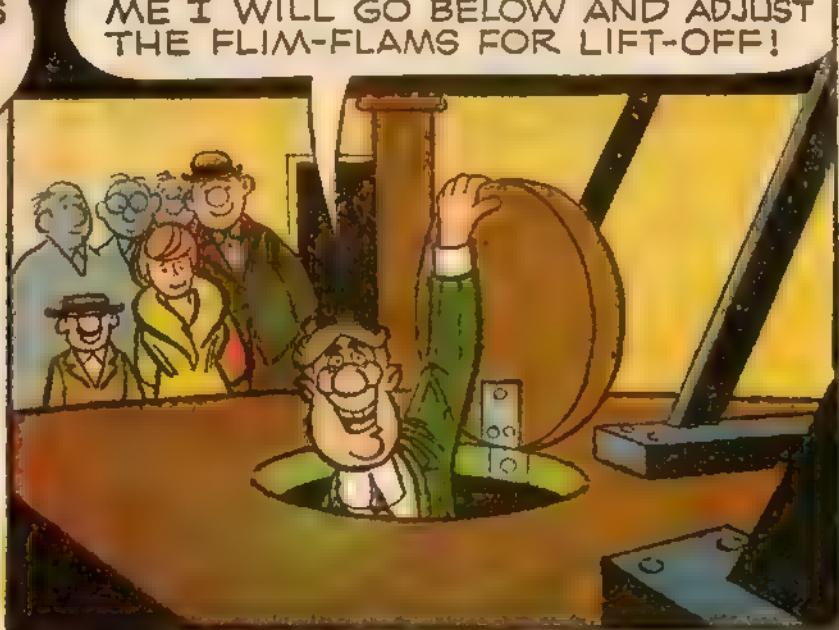
IT'S A PLEASURE FOR LI'L OL' ME TO BE OF SERVICE TO THE MAYOR!

WOW! A SUPersonic ELEVATOR! THAT SURE WILL SPEED UP THE WORK AT CITY HALL!

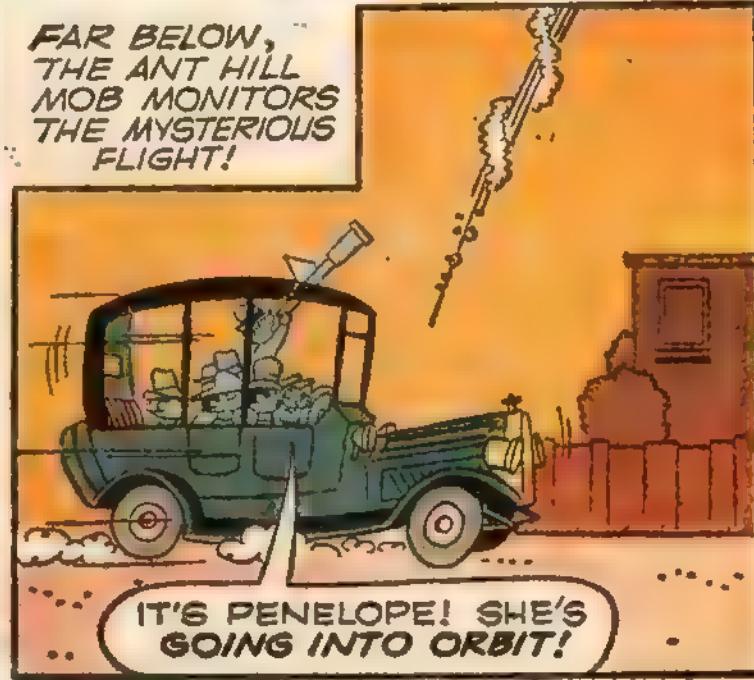
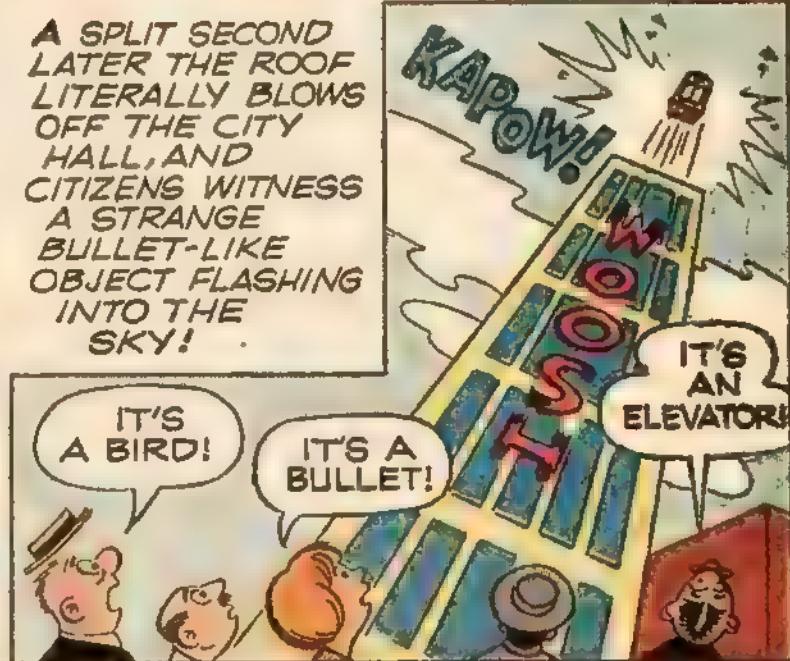
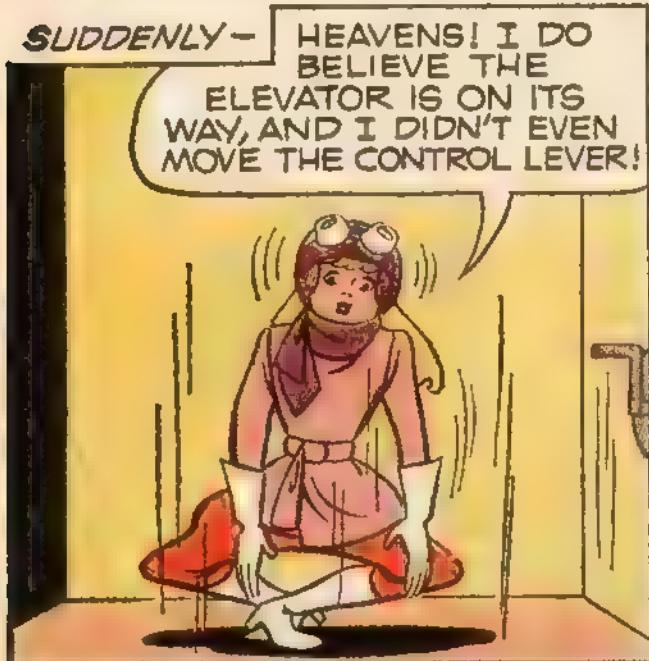


PRECISELY, MR. COUNCILMAN! ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS IT WOULD ADD EXACTLY FOUR THOUSAND AND FORTY-SIX MAN HOURS OF PRODUCTIVE WORK EACH DAY!

AND NOW IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME I WILL GO BELOW AND ADJUST THE FLIM-FLAMS FOR LIFT-OFF!



BUT WHAT'S THIS? WHEN SYLVESTER SNEAKLY REACHES THE PRIVACY OF THE CONTROL ROOM HE QUICKLY ASSUMES HIS REAL IDENTITY — THE HOODED CLAW!



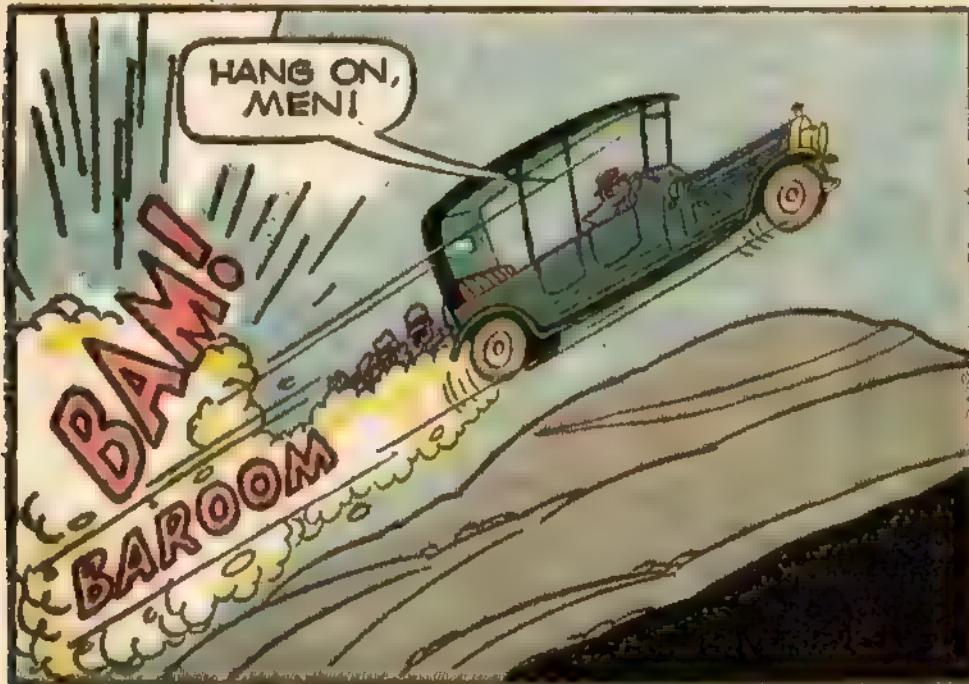
FOUL PLAY'S AFOOT! WE
MUST SAVE HER, GANG!



WE'LL USE
FARGO HILL AS
OUR LAUNCHING
RAMP! OKAY,
MEN, GIVE IT
ALL YOU'VE
GOT!

SWITCH TO
ROCKET FUEL,
SNOOZY!

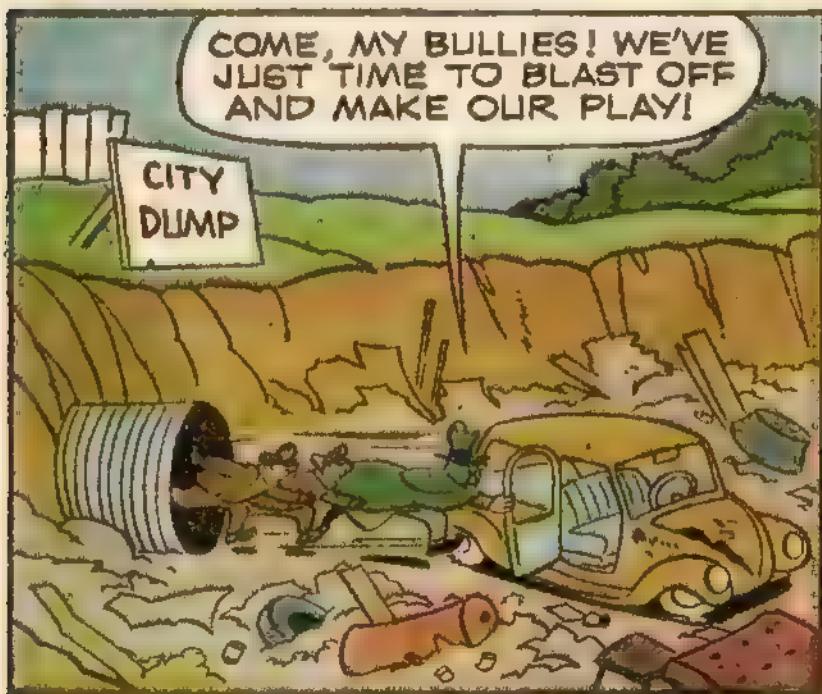
OKAY!
HERE GOES!



AHA! THERE GOES THE
ANT HILL MOB RIGHT
ON SCHEDULE! IT ALL
GOES TO SHOW IT PAYS
TO PLAN AHEAD!



COME, MY BULLIES! WE'VE
JUST TIME TO BLAST OFF
AND MAKE OUR PLAY!



WHAT WILL
THE HOODED
CLAW THINK
OF NEXT?
HE HAS
DISGUISED
A SPACECRAFT
AS A PIECE
OF JUNK!

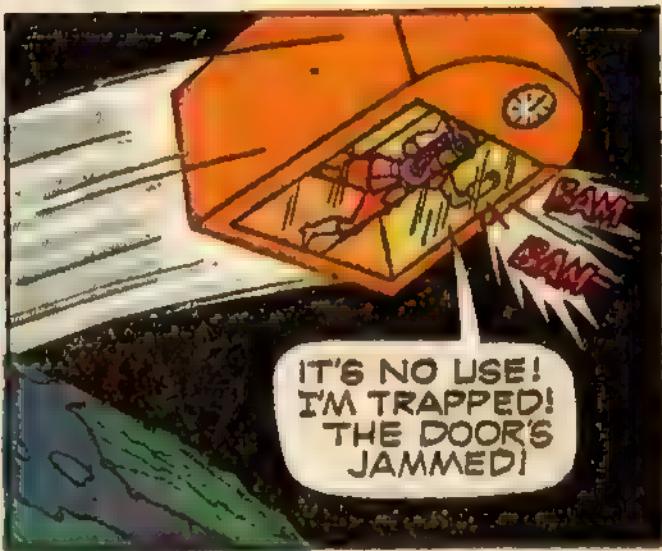




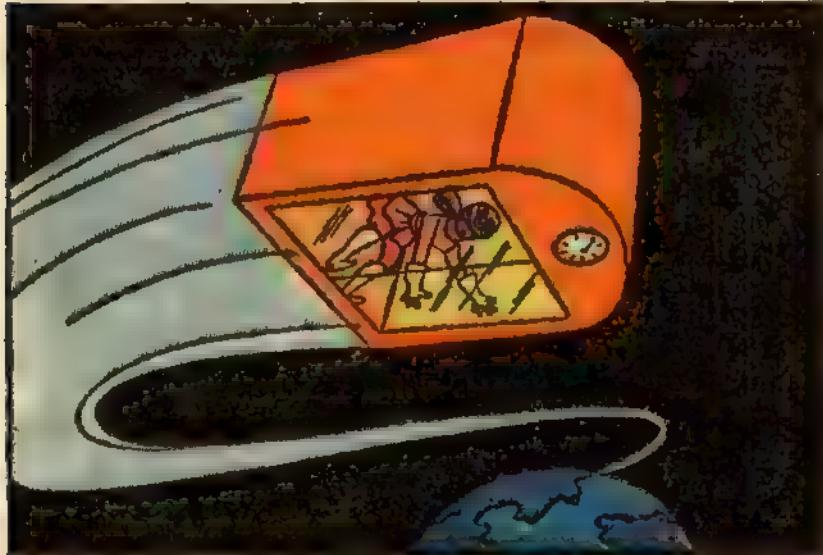
OVER THE EARTH A STRANGE CRAFT AWAITS, SUSPENDED IN SPACE! A HATCH OPENS... THE FIEND AND HIS HELPERS COME TO A REST ON THE DECK BELOW!



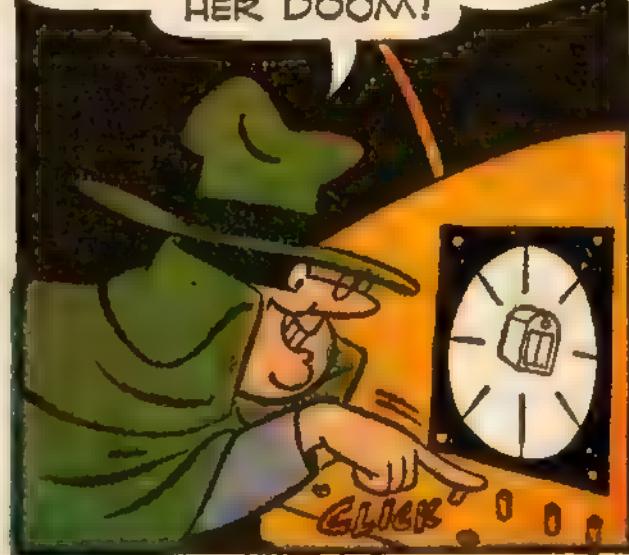
MEANWHILE, PENELOPE HAS JUST COMPLETED HER FIRST ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH...



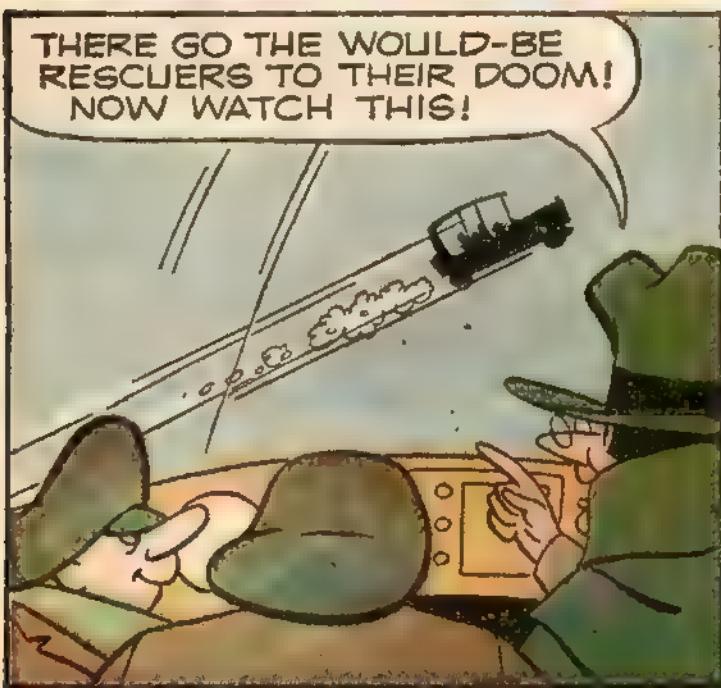
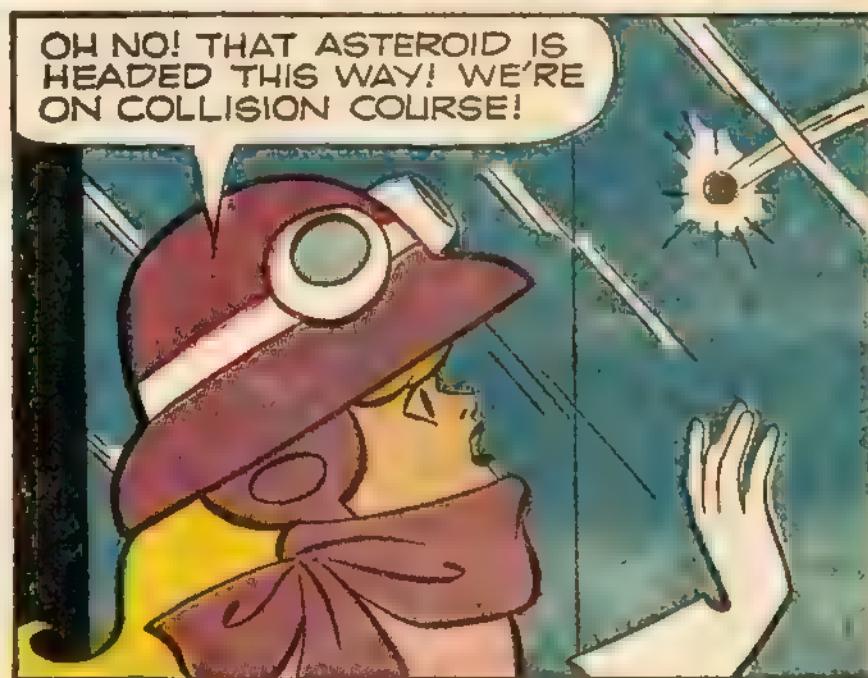
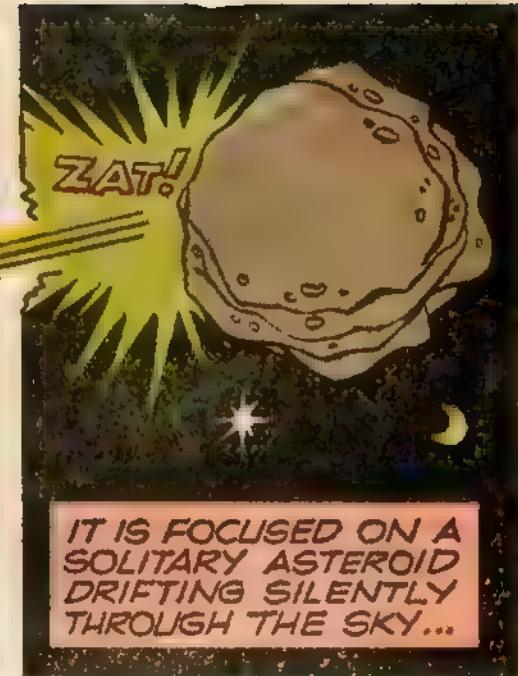
SUDDENLY THE FREE-FLOATING ELEVATOR IS CAUGHT BY AN UNSEEN FORCE AND IS WHISKED OUT INTO SPACE!

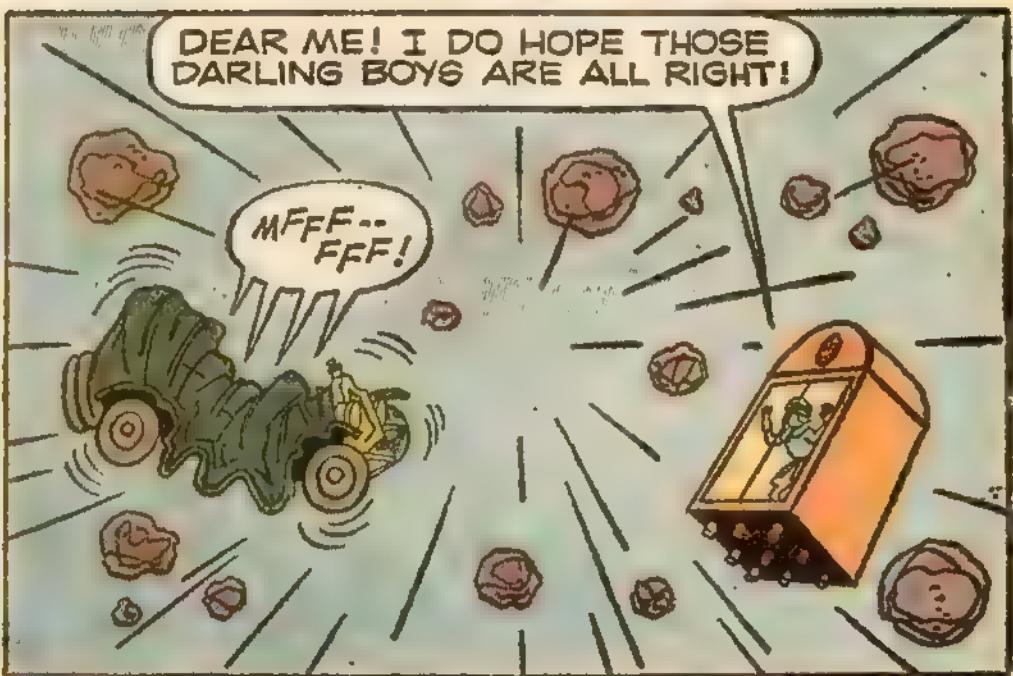
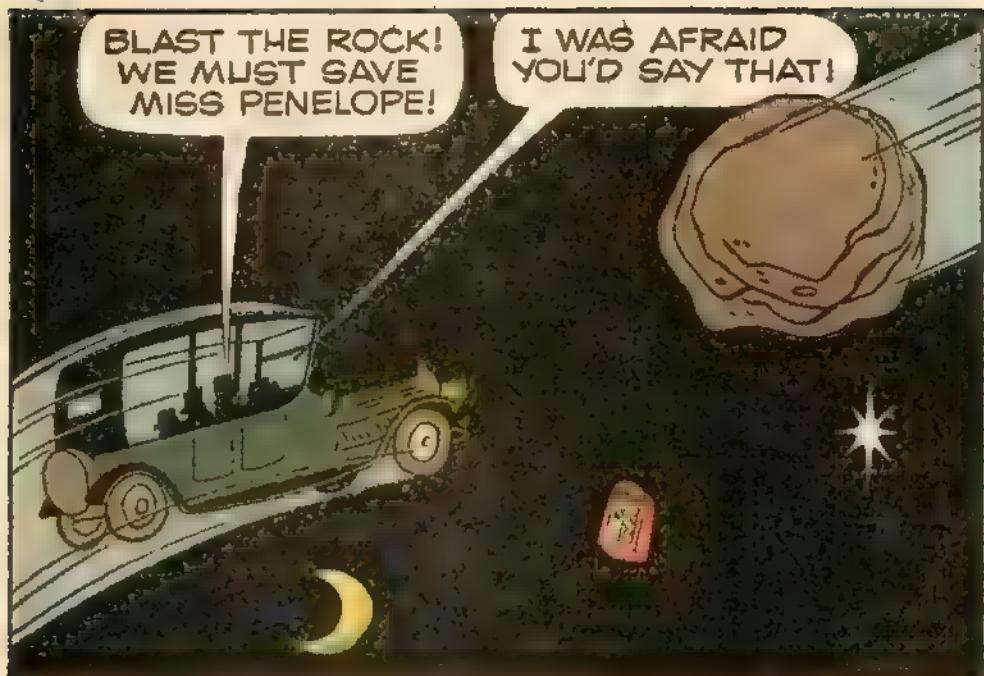


THERE — SHE'S IN POSITION NOW TO ACTIVATE THE GRAVITY RAY AND SEAL HER DOOM!



AN EERIE LIGHT FLASHES INTO SPACE...

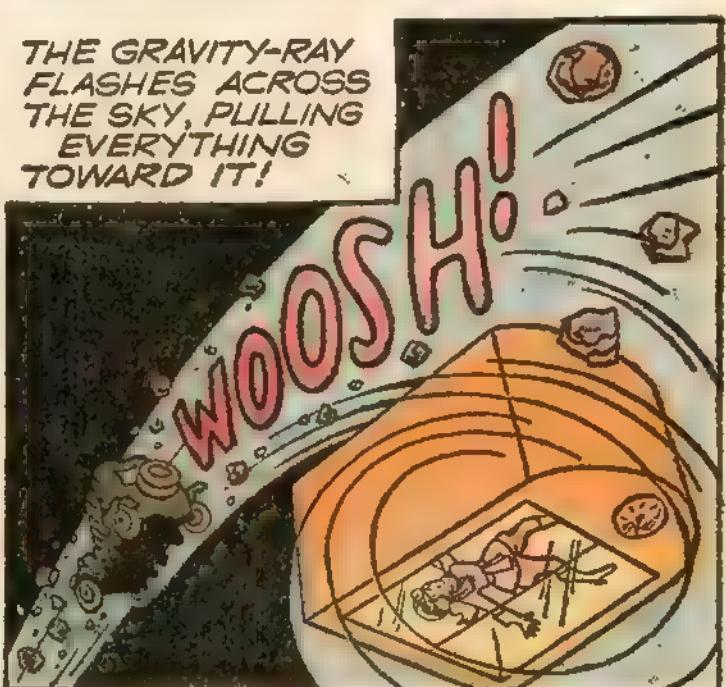




...THE HOODED CLAW HAS NOT
COUNTED ON THE TOUGHNESS OF
THEIR CAR! FLYING DEBRIS FROM
THE SHATTERED ASTEROID FILLS
THE AIR!



THE GRAVITY-RAY
FLASHES ACROSS
THE SKY, PULLING
EVERYTHING TOWARD IT!



ABOARD THE SPACE PLATFORM
PANDEMOMIUM REIGNS!

DON EMERGENCY
EQUIPMENT! ABANDON SHIP!

LOOK,
BOSS!

ZOUNDS! THE
SKY IS FALLING!

DON EMERGENCY
EQUIPMENT! ABANDON SHIP!

BUT ESCAPE
IS NOT SO
SIMPLE! THE
CLAW AND HIS
HENCHMEN ARE
ALSO CAUGHT
IN THE
FLASHING
BEAM!

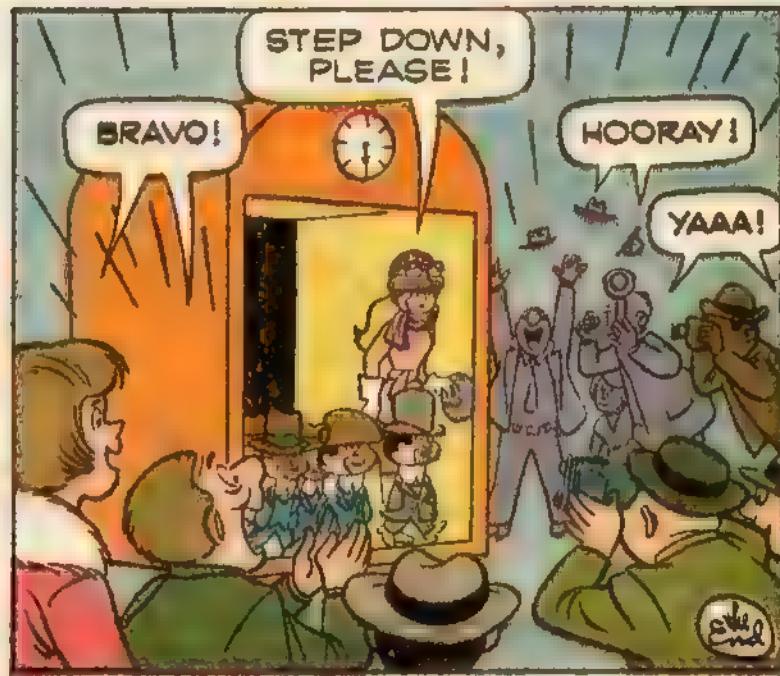
UH-OH!

ZOOOP

CRASH!

AT THAT INSTANT, THE ANT HILL MOB'S
CAR AND OTHER SPACE TRASH ARRIVE!

BLAM!



Hanna-Barbera

CATTANOOGA CATS

CAN I
HELP?

OOF! OOF!
PUFF! PUFF!

I'D SURE
APPRECIATE IT!

YOU GET ON THAT SIDE
OF THE BARBELL!

SURE!

OKAY NOW... WHEN I SAY
THREE, WE LIFT
TOGETHER! ONE...TWO...

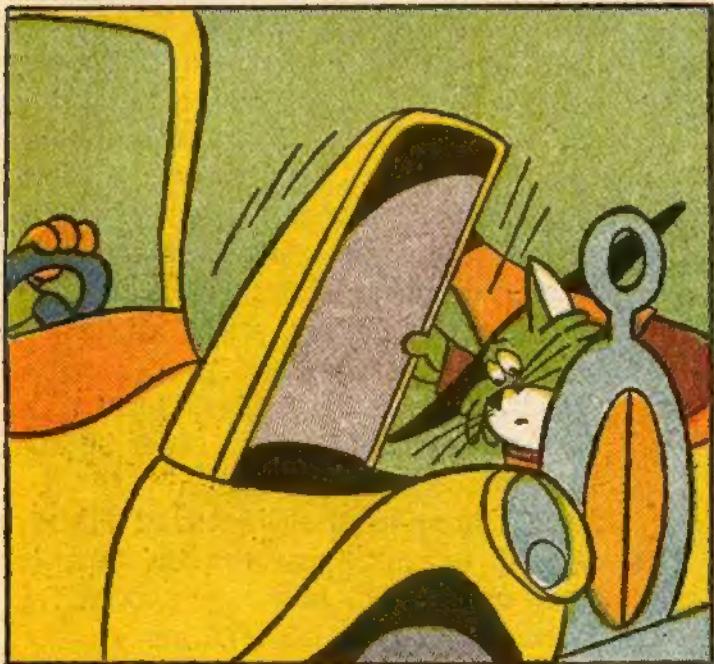
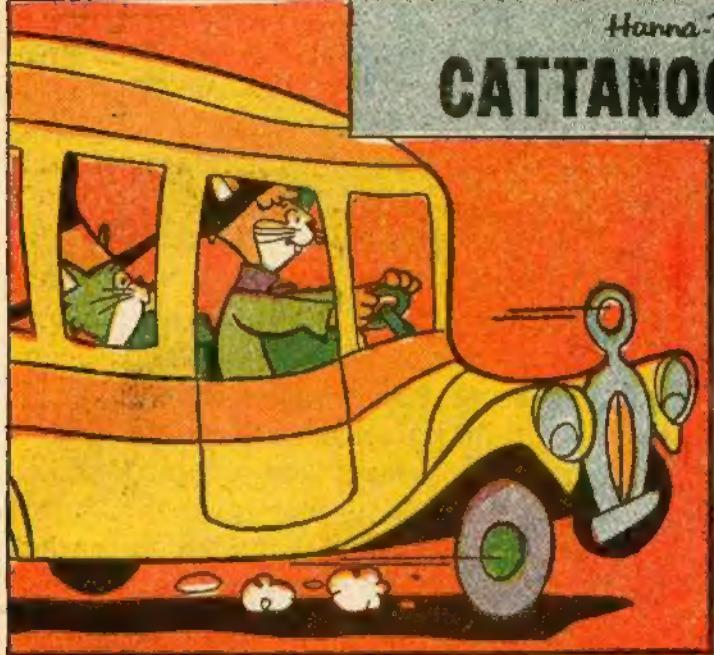
...THREE!

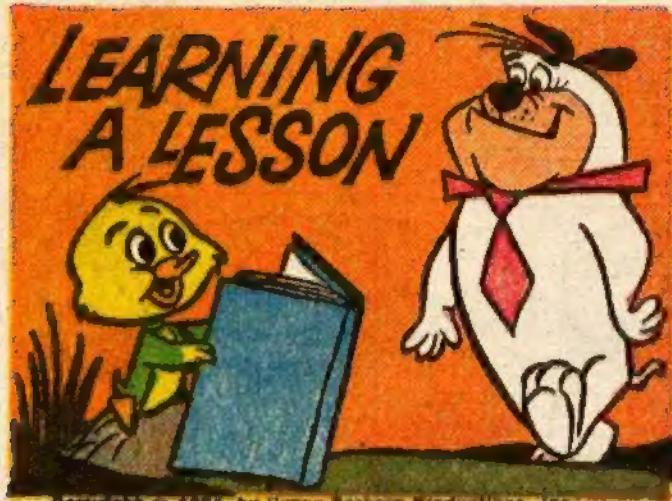
SEE?
ALL YOU
NEEDED
WAS A
LITTLE
HELP!

Hanna-Barbera

CATTANOOGA CATS

THE ENGINE
SOUNDS FUNNY!
CHECK IT,
SCOOTS!





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"What are you reading, Yakky?" Chopper asked his little friend.

"A book about judo," Yakky explained. "Someday I may have to protect myself from Fibber Fox when you're not around to help."

"That's right! In fact, you should take lessons. It's much easier to learn when a teacher shows you exactly what to do."

Yakky thought Chopper's idea was a good one, so he set off for town to enroll in a judo class. Someone else thought it was a good idea, too... Fibber Fox! He had been in the bushes hiding and overheard Yakky's plan. He took a shortcut through the woods, stopping at his cave to get a disguise.

A short time later, Yakky was walking down the path to town when he came upon a sign reading, "FREE JUDO LESSONS." An arrow on the sign pointed to a cave, and Yakky flew over and yelled inside that he'd like some lessons. The teacher came out... it was Fibber Fox with a fake mustache and beard, and Yakky did not recognize him.

"I'd like to take some judo lessons from you," Yakky explained. "I want to be able to protect myself from a nasty old fox."

"It's a good thing you came to me," old Fibber chuckled. "I know exactly how a fox goes about catching a duck. We'll pretend that you're a duck and I'm a fox... it shouldn't be too hard. Heh, heh... now what would you do if I came at you like this?"

Fibber suddenly leaped for Yakky, shouting, "Aha! After all these years of chasing I've finally got you cornered!"

"You're a good actor," said Yakky, avoiding his teacher. "You act just like a fox! But if you were really that mean Fibber, this is what I would do."

Saying this, Yakky grabbed Fibber by the ankles, upending the nasty old fox with a loud thud. Fibber was rather surprised.

"You really fell for that one," Yakky chuckled. "I learned that trick from a judo book I read yesterday."

"That was just luck. I'll get you this time," Fibber growled, rushing toward Yakky again. Yakky didn't move until Fibber dove to pounce on him. Then Yakky ducked and poor Fibber went sailing over the little duck's head, right into a stout tree trunk.

"I learned that from the book, too," smiled Yakky, helping his teacher up.

"You read too much," Fibber snarled. "But I'll get you for sure this time."

Fibber slowly stalked toward Yakky, holding his hands out to grab the duck.

"If you were a real fox, I'd get away like this," Yakky said as he grabbed Fibber by the wrist and threw him over his shoulder onto the hard ground. "That's in the book."

"I know, I know... you learned it from reading," Fibber groaned as he lay on the rocky ground. "I must get myself a copy of that book. Lesson is over for today."

"Thank you, sir," Yakky said as he flew off. "It was lots of fun and you're a good teacher. But I'll need more training. I know if I met up with a real fox I'd never be able to beat him with my judo holds."

"Bah!" moaned the fractured Fibber. "Yakky still doesn't know I'm the teacher. From now on, I'll stick to gentler sports. This judo is rough on my health. (Groan!)"

The next day Yakky came back for another lesson, but the teacher didn't show up! Yakky couldn't figure out why... but we know the answer, don't we? Fibber's a coward!





Reader's Page

DOODLES

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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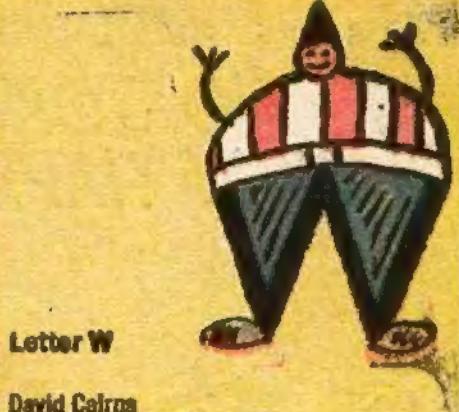
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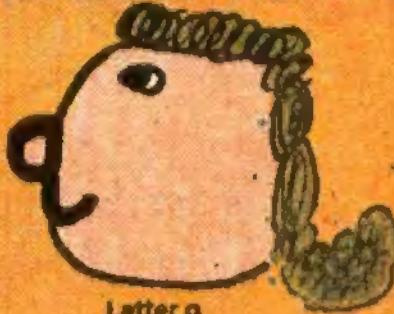
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